

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST...BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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Original.

LETTER FROM MRS. CARNEY.

Wayne Village, June 1st, 1849.

BR. SKINNER:—

As I promised you a long letter for your paper, you may have expected it ere this, but I thought it would be as well to wait until the *honey-moon* had waned, lest the words sent should be too sweet to mingle with "printer's ink." Now that the date of this gives warning, and visions of "broomsticks" begin to flit dimly across the horizon, I suppose it will be safe to write.

"We" have placed our writing table at the precise "angle of reflection," from which we can see four smiling faces looking down upon us, and, wonderful to say, they all look just as kindly and just as pleasantly. We have so arranged a certain picture as that, with the aid of two looking-glasses, placed at different parts of the room, we have its reflection whichever way we turn, and from the table can see it four times repeated. If you give us your promised visit, we will *more* gladly welcome the original. We will show you the pleasantest country the sun ever shone upon,—(of course we are *impartial* judges of its beauty,)—we will let you ramble over hills and through forests *almost* primeval, and down on the rocky shores of a bright, beautiful lake; and if you think it wrong for *ministers* to "go a fishing," why, we will invite you to a sailing party on the lake, and you may watch "the sky above and the sky below," with my "dearly beloved" husband, while Br. Allen and lady catch the fish, and I will scribble poetry, or philosophize about brick walls and city air, meanwhile. This lake,—it is nearly twenty miles in circumference, is clear as a summer sunbeam, and the shore is bold, rocky, and precipitous, forming, with the water, a constant alternation of little capes, headlands and bays. It is filled with wooded islands, some of them large enough to build a village upon, and yet they call this sheet of water a *pond*. Wayne pond, it is sometimes called, and Androscoggin pond is its regular designation. It is a positive sin thus to desecrate so fair a work of the Creator, and troubles me—who has never heard the name applied to any but a great mud-puddle,—more than many people would imagine; so we will insist upon calling it a lake, and perhaps the good people here will have the gallantry to rebaptize it, and name it "Lake Julia."

A more beautiful village than Wayne I have never seen. From our residence, with Br. Varnum, we have a fine view. On either side a broad expanse of water, reflecting a range of small hills and graceful trees which line the shore, while the neat edifice of our Methodist

brethren on the one side, and the large, old-fashioned church where the Baptists and Universalists worship on the other, add much to the appearance of the village. There is nothing "new looking" here. There is an air of being finished about the place, small as it is. Excepting a few buildings which are going upward so quietly as not to excite a thought, everything around looks as if it had always been so. Nothing looks *new*, yet nothing looks *worn out*. There is none of the rubbish of building, the dust of crowded thoroughfares, the hurry of business,—yet there is nothing of the loneliness of "here and there a house." It is a pretty cluster of houses, some half a dozen stores, a hotel in the centre, and two churches as outposts, with farm houses scattered over the hills. They "make many *matches*" here, and have a building or two expressly for that purpose, and the mill-stream runneth on, performing its useful labor, grinding the wheat and sawing the logs, in the very heart of the village. Thus should it be;—the useful is the centre of the beautiful. I am tempted to repeat here an exclamation made when first I saw Wayne Village nestled so lovingly between protecting hills, and when I little imagined it would ever be my residence: "It must have dropped from the skies just as it is, and been taken good care of ever since." It bears no mark of recent workmanship, no mark of human decay. Grass grows wherever grass *should* grow, and the houses look as if they too had grown up where now they stand, so perfectly in keeping is each one with the repose of the landscape. Blessings on its bird-nest beauty, and may the truth soon come to every heart here, as interpreter of all this loveliness.

You will encase this full-length portrait of our "new home," as we would fain that our friends should have "a local habitation" for us in their world of thought. You will wish to know of the spiritual aspect of the place. Here are a small band of believers, with many who are open to conviction. The fields are whitening to the harvest, yet much must be done ere that harvest is gathered. This part of the Lord's vineyard needs much faithful cultivation, yet blessed be His name, it is a rich, and will yet be a fruitful soil.

At Livermore Corner there is a neat church, somewhat needing repair, yet very pleasant when the true Gospel is proclaimed there. A few devoted believers are there, and the word of life is dispensed to them, as at Wayne Village, one-fourth part of the time. This was no new place to me, yet I have found many new friends there, who have opened their hearts to give the stranger a place therein, and extended warm hands in right cordial greeting.

At Livermore Falls is a schoolhouse, built after the fashion of times long gone, and well hacked and whittled since. Yet there come the faithful few, to listen of God's love, and, sitting in lowliness at the feet of Jesus, heed not whether it be a rough board or a velvet cushion upon which they sit. Old men, with whitened locks and bowed forms, return to the place of their earliest tasks, and on the lowest seat perchance, where only the smallest children were then seated, learn now lessons of spiritual things, lessons of life, lessons of immortality. I have bowed down in the lofty Catholic cathedral; in the proud

aisles of fashionable worship; amid the studied plainness of the Quaker, and the severity of Shaker simplicity; but none of these so move my feelings, so awe my soul, and fill my eyes with tears, as does the scene in that old school-house. Wearied, some by miles of hilly walking, some feeble with age, some from recent sickness, the farmer from his week-day toil, the little child, wondering and hushed, the watchdog sleeping undisturbed, the few hymn books scattered among many,—all these tell of hope and faith struggling amid many discouragements. God grant they may hope on, and work on, with brighter faith and stronger zeal, until the harvest time shall come.

At Leeds is a large number of brothers and sisters, a full congregation, and a regularly organized society. They occupy the church one-fourth of the time, their Baptist brethren the remainder. They have had many trials and discouragements, but the strength which has slumbered for a time is now awakening to do the work of the Lord. They need only to have a lofty courage, and labor with manly zeal, to be prospered, and be a "great people in Israel."

With these four societies does my "better half" labor in the ministry, and truly is our lot cast "in pleasant places." A real Methodist circuit,—and having traversed it once with him, the frank and farmerlike greetings I have received, will tempt me to go again and again, and try to win, for my own sake, a portion of the love they seem so ready to grant me for his.

At each of these places they are moving in the good work of a Sabbath school, and one will probably soon be organized in each place; which, with a Bible class or social meeting of adults, will keep up the spiritual interest during the interval between their Sabbaths of enjoying the preached word.

Here is a great field. Pray ye for the willing laborers, that they faint not, nor turn aside to rest. God alone can give the increase, yet man may prepare the soil, and woman may aid, as doth the sunbeam and the silent dew.

And now, Br. Skinner, I must close this imperfect epistle. By it you will perceive, that dearly as I love my Boston friends; our Sabbath home; the church with its cherishing and guarding influences, which I trust will be around me, although far away; our Sabbath school, with its dear pupils, and loved teacher band; yet I wish not to return. In the solemn moment of parting, when your prayer blessed our consecrated love, I saw a new path opening before me, and gladly do I walk in that love-guarded way. Amid the sadness of farewell; when, on our journey here, a sudden and fearful accident had nearly freed our spirits in a moment and together from earthly scenes; here, among stranger friends; there are ever two guardian spirits with us,—human love and heavenly trust. Bless us, then, with your prayers, and whenever possible, with your presence. A few words from you, or any of our kind friends, will be welcome. Sister Varnum is a true Universalist in heart, although a Swedenborgian in name, and she unites with me in assuring you and yours a heart-warm welcome. A bouquet of beautiful Azaleas has just been sent me by a young botanist, and with the recent rain yet lingering upon their leaves, they look up to me bright and beautiful as the flowers you did not present me May morning. Every species of wild flower blossoms with great profusion upon the lake-side, and the strawberries will soon tempt us to draw liberally upon the supply of rich cream. As I look up, the little "Waterwitch" darts out from a wooded point, with her white sails and happy crew, reminding me of an invitation to join their excursion. So please excuse this mixture of earthly and spiritual things, and believe me

Yours, in love, happiness, and Christian faith,
J. A. F. CARNEY.

Original.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM BR. W. H. RYDER.

ALEXANDRIA, QUARANTINE, April 7, 1849.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I regret to inform you that I am doomed to twelve days confinement in one of the prisons of this city. During my journey in the East I have unluckily visited the Holy Land, and in going up to Jerusalem stole a few glimpses of the hallowed spots of that city and region; for which, on arriving here, I was seized by the civil authorities, and at 10 o'clock, on Thursday last, was thrown into this filthy place. Two mortal days have already dragged themselves mournfully by; ten more—hemmed in by legions of fleas, bed-bugs, ants, and other vermin, with which I am to do battle if I would pass to the blessings of freedom again—lie in gloomy prospect in the future. Whether I am to gain the victory over this "allied army" is less a question than you would suppose if you had tested the strength of the fleas; for you will not suppose that these are tame, civilized vermin, of which I speak. No, far from it; they are of the regular Egyptian breed—born to show no favor to Christians, either on account of color or faith.

The people call this "quarantine." It's no quarantine to me—virtually and actually a prison. Sick? If I were, here I should die. Heaven be praised, I am not sick, but it will be a wonder if I am not before I have slept ten nights more upon the cold, stone floor of this damp, dungeon room. My situation here would be less dismal if I could talk with the people, but having discharged my servant in Jaffa, I am now thrown upon my own resources, which, so far as Arabic are concerned, are very slender. I know only "*bucksheesh*" and "*taib*." And to add to the aggravation of the case, I have constantly by my side, a cross-eyed, ugly, lazy, lousy Arab, who is forever doing what I don't want him to do, but who is nevertheless greatly to be respected, for he is invested with all the authority which a piece of yellow flannel can give him. He feels, no doubt very sincerely, in the depths of his ignorance, that upon the faithful performance of his duty is suspended the fate of all Egypt, at least.

Oh, the joy of that hour when the gates shall be opened before me, and I permitted to tread the earth again. I really think that I shall go immediately to Cairo, without stopping to see the city of Alexandria, so great will be my desire to get away from this horrible place. But it's no use to fret! Here I am, and here I am likely to be. Whoever cometh into the "land of Egypt," whether by land or sea, though he may have bleached in the desert winds for forty days, must suffer the same doom. So let me use my paper and ink to some better purpose.

Your letter, I remember, contained an account of your tour; perhaps I can do no better than to give you a sketch of mine so far as it is completed. We parted in Berlin, Prussia. I shall not soon forget that it was on the afternoon of the 20th of July last, that I shook hands with you and our good Br. Balch in the cars for Wittenberg. One who was thus left alone among strangers with whom he is unable to converse, so far from his native land, is likely to remember such a scene as among the unpleasant reminiscences of his journey. As I was very fortunate in the selection of my rooms, (the same in which you will recollect having shared my bachelor hospitalities in a cup of tea,) I remained at No. 6 Behren Strasse for some four months. I was also a month in the clergyman's family, in Zehannick, to whom I had letters from America.

I left Berlin December 17, 1848, and spent the Sunday in Wittenberg; attended service in Luther's church

and entered his pulpit. You will not suppose that I went into the pulpit to preach; it was a special favor granted by the Sexton in consideration of a few grosh duly received. I also heard service in the church, against the door of which Luther hung up his celebrated theses. Your names were not erased from the "strangers' book," in Luther's study. From here I proceeded, next day, to Halle, where I had a very unsatisfactory interview with Dr. Tholuck. I was respectably introduced by a friend of his in Berlin, but it was apparent at the very first that the Dr. had no inclination to converse on theological subjects. He remembered the name of our good brother Sawyer, but he spoke of him rather indifferently. My call, as you may suppose, was short, and though in Halle twice afterwards, did not trouble myself to call upon him again. He is, no doubt, one of the great men of the age; but I am sorry to add that I am fully persuaded from this interview, and what I learned from those who have known him long, that he is not the noble-minded, independent person we have supposed him to be. I spent a fortnight in Leipzig, devoting most of the time to the purchase of books. Dresden is indeed a charming place, and right welcome were the romantic hills in which it is so beautifully set. Snow fell nearly every day I was there, but I could not refuse the temptation to take a ramble towards Saxon Switzerland. A cold day I spent among the mountains. The bare peaks, bold precipices, and green slopes of this lovely region, are, no doubt, imposing and beautiful; but I query whether they suggest such dignified emotions, such thoughts of purity and God, as those giant mountains in their wintry robes, standing calmly out in the sparkling sky of a January day. From here I went to Prague by stage, and a horribly cold ride it was. Still I would suffer it all again, not excepting that night of shivering torment, to see that romantic region once more. You may content yourself with the reflection that you lost very much in not going to Prague. And what a contrast to all these dreams of the wars and vestiges of the olden time, will a day's ride by cars present in that Queen of German cities, Vienna! Here all is beauty and splendor. What can be finer than the glacis, girding the city like a wreath of evergreen? Napoleon should be gratefully remembered for converting a filthy moat into one of the most beautiful and advantageous parks in the world. Vienna is not a place for study—the people are not given to quiet thought; Berlin is superior to it in this respect. Vienna is a place to see life and to enjoy it. Extremes meet here more perhaps than in Paris. Eastern splendor makes gaudy the palace of the Prince, and Turk, Jew, and Arab sup at the table of the Frank. Immorality in satin is, no doubt, more common than morality in clean linen, but he who despises the beauties of nature and art on account of the abominations which the wickedness of man has drawn about them, must travel over all Europe in a steam-boat train, and that in the night with his eyes shut. I confess, I liked Vienna very much, and spent sixteen days there very pleasantly. In the way of palaces, churches, paintings, concerts, libraries, and public exhibitions generally, there is enough here to divert one for three months. My rooms were in a private residence in the Leopoldstadt, one of the houses perforated by the late revolution. The black buildings of the burned quarter were yet scarcely cold, and I found it easy to get pieces of balls and shells that were thrown by the imperial troops. Having seen some revolutionary skirmishes in Berlin, and especially the splendid parade of 50,000 troops, who entered the city by its several gates on that memorable day, when it was declared in a state of siege, these remains of a bombardment, upon the result of which not only the fate of Austria, but that of Prussia was immediately suspended, were viewed with an interest which could hardly have been exceeded by witnessing the scene itself. The

famous freshet of which you may have read, occurred while I was there. The house I occupied was surrounded by water two feet deep for three days. It gave a muddy prospect to many fine rooms, you may depend, and fell heavily upon thousands of poor persons who, especially at that time were unable to bear the slightest loss. This was followed in a couple of days, by the most powerful wind I ever knew. Glass, tiles and bricks flew about like feathers. But few persons attempted to go out. Four men were killed, and more than a score wounded. I should say, more than half the gas lamps in the city and suburbs, were smashed. The window to my sleeping room came in about midnight. You can judge that there was merry work for about an hour. My route was from here to Trieste, by the way of Gratz and Cille, stopping at Adelsberg to see the cave. It is reputed the largest in Europe. I presume it is not quite so large as the "Mammoth." It is, however, remarkably brilliant with crystalizations, dazzling even in some places like imprisoned lightnings. Those who pass by it lose more than they expect. It required three hours, with only short delays, to see it, and cost me three thalers, one pair of pantaloons, and a pound of candles.

I was disappointed to learn in Trieste that I could not go to Venice from there, except by Milan, on account of the republican movement in that city. I may be able to visit it on my return. I had come to Trieste with the expectation of taking passage direct to Alexandria, but I was persuaded by the advice of some gentlemen to whom I had letters, chiefly in view of quarantine regulations, to change my plan. Accordingly I embarked at Trieste in the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, on the 6th of February, for the city of Athens. We touched at Corfu and Patras, and had a hasty view of the ruins of Corinth. We disembarked at Lutaki, and took carriages provided by the company across the isthmus, to Calimaki, where we found another steamer that conveyed us to Piræus, the port of Athens. From Athens I went to Syria, and from Syria to Smyrna, and thence to Constantinople. After getting a look at the Bosphorus and Black Sea, returned to Smyrna, where, after a little delay, I took the steamer for Beyrout. We passed near Patmos, called at Rhodes and Cyprus, and arrived safely in Beyrout on the morning of the 6th of March.

Here began a new phase in my journey. I had enjoyed thus far the comforts and conveniences of European life. Henceforward all was new and strange. I read such books as I had, but I could find nothing that applied to my case. It was no time to be faint-hearted. Preliminaries must be settled forthwith. Assuming the aspect of a man of courage, I sallied forth for a dragoman. Good luck put in my way a young man well recommended by some Americans I had met in Berlin. In a couple of days horses and attendants were engaged, beds and provisions bought, and at the close of the 3d day, the dragoman announced all things ready. I wished to see a purely oriental city. Constantinople is not, and I feared that Jerusalem and Alexandria would be alike half-European. Damascus I must see. The direct way was alleged impracticable on account of the deep snow upon the mountains. There was, however, another way by the ruins of Sidon, which I decided to accept. We started on the 9th, reached Sidon the first day, and Damascus the fifth—all long and laborious. We were in all three men and three horses. I had left my trunk and nearly all my baggage in Berlin and Leipzig, so that one horse could carry all the luggage, cooking utensils, bed, &c. I had no tent. We found the roads horribly bad; mere tracks to be read of, but not seen anywhere save in Syria. O friend Havemeyer, I could fill sheets with tales of this 5 days journey—not of places, but of scenes, incidents and the like. I am sorry that I have so little space. The second night will not soon be

forgotten. We had taken the best room in a little mud village, which, from its nakedness I hoped was clean.—Not a furnished room—a simple stone apartment, say 12 by 14 feet,—perfectly destitute of every article of furniture,—not even a chimney for ventilation. I spread my bed on the floor, while Moses was preparing supper, but I soon saw that I had fallen into biting company.—Horrors, how thick the fleas were! It's a fact, that they actually jumped into my spoon while I was eating my soup. I trusted to my great fatigue for a little sleep, but all attempts at rest were vain. In ten minutes I was literally covered with fleas. I feared to sleep out of the house, as I was not yet acclimated, and so had to endure the misery. All I have to add is, if you have occasion to prove that fleas do like Yankees, appeal to me and I will sustain you. I went from Damascus to Jerusalem by the shortest route. It is considered somewhat dangerous. We had a guard for two days, and I think it saved us some serious difficulty. It is better to take one from Nazareth to Jerusalem, or vice versa, as there is always danger, except to a large party, and it may prevent a vast deal of trouble. I met a gentleman in Beyrout who had been robbed a few weeks before; and two Englishmen were both robbed and beaten the week I left Beyrout—both incidents occurred below Nazareth and Nablous. Such outrages are always perpetrated by the Bedouin Arabs; the natives seem to be well-disposed people, especially is this remark true of Palestine. Our way was in nearly a direct line to the sea of Gallilee, which we reached at the close of the 4th day. From here to Cana and Nazareth. Next across the plain of Esdraelon to Jennin by the way of Mt. Tabor, hence to Sebaste and Nablous, and from here in two days to the Holy City. Having made the usual excursions in Jerusalem, and spent as much time among her honored monuments as I could spare, I proceed to Jaffa—(a long day's journey) where I took an English steamer on her second trip to Alexandria, thus saving the tedious and expensive tour of the desert to Cairo, which I had neither time, money, nor inclination to make.

This hasty outline will present you but a bare idea of my journey. It is, however, all I can give. I may find a better occasion to dwell upon particular points and incidents. You will be pleased to learn that I have been remarkably successful during all this long ramble. "Ups and downs" I have had, but in the retrospect I find but few things really to be regarded as misfortunes, especially in my Eastern tour, though many incidents at the moment were extremely annoying, and sometimes called for more patience and craft than I possessed. This is the more remarkable as I have been almost wholly alone, and hence quite at the mercy of those whom I may have employed from time to time; but it has pleased God to bear me safely through to this point, to whom, for such extraordinary preservation, I trust my heart will never forget to offer its grateful prayers. I have been most happy to hear that you both reached your homes in safety. Heaven alone knoweth how much I sigh to enjoy that blessing. Travel may amuse the fancy, and instruct the judgment, but home is the paradise of the heart. True, you have lost much in not seeing Syria and Palestine, but there is no need that you should abandon the undertaking. Start again, and do not start alone. Take your wife—the journey, if slowly made, is practicable for a lady. She will enjoy it, any woman with a particle of sentiment will; and by you, her presence will be worth twice as much as it will cost in mere dollars and cents. After visiting Cairo, I expect to proceed from here to Malta, where I have a quarantine of five days to pass; from Malta to Naples, Rome, &c., making a somewhat extensive tramp in Switzerland, I shall proceed down the Rhine to Frankfort, whence I shall go to Leipzig by Eisenach. Having despatched my books, &c. in the

American steamer at Bremen, I desire to proceed back to the Rhine striking it at Dusseldorf. From here up to Frankfort, and back as far as Amsterdam. After spending a couple of weeks in Holland and Belgium, I would go to Paris, and from thence to London by Havre. It is difficult to tell when I shall reach America, but I hope sometime in August.

And now, friend, farewell. I thank you for your long, kind letter, and Bro. Balch for his multitude of good wishes. I trust that I shall be home safely through whatever difficulties yet remain for me, and surrounded by the blessings of home and those I especially love, be permitted to share the Gospel labor with the faithful brethren who are now devoting their strength to the work.

I am respectfully your friend,

W. H. RYDER.

Original.

CORTLAND, NEW YORK.

The religious condition of our people in this beautiful town is, probably, similar to what it is in the towns around us. The Sons of Temperance seem to be the most experimentally and *practically* Christian of any religious sect that were active here when I moved into the place. Those who claim to be "*THE* Evangelical Churches," it is true, have been very active in their endeavors to save the people from what they fear in another world. I have been ashamed to see the Burchard practice of pulling, and teasing, and pushing young people up for prayers, in which the *Saints* acknowledge *God to be unjust* in that he has not sent them to the awful hell their ungodliness deserved.

If I believed God had been *unjust* in one case, or did not do what would have been just towards me for my sins, there would be no reason to trust in him for any blessing. But *I thank the perfect God* that the religion of his Son enables me to rejoice with his prophet Isaiah, in "a just God and a Savior." Isa. xlv., 21.

As for the Sons of Temperance, I understand they are, apparently, believers in the inflexibility of God's rule, that "the recompense of every man's hand shall be given him," so that he who will take the cup of intoxication *cannot* escape the nausea and pain of his sin, nor find any forgiveness to do him good, till they, imitating God's doctrine of pardon, *lead him away from his offending*, to enjoy the blessings of sobriety and returning strength for any duty. These are labors for practical godliness, and for the reviving of a religious power which makes its subjects *so much better in their lives*, that it is not necessary for people to be told they are saved, for them to see they are better than before. Too many who profess to have secured a seat in heaven, need to be labelled, that it may be known they are more just and generous, godly and Christian than worldly sinners!!

But, looking facts in the face, it does not, after all, seem so very strange, that evangelical converts do not differ from other sinners, except in their devotion to the traditions of the elders, and the sadness of their countenances; for there are the most palpable evidences that Satan defiles the marriage bed of the church before such saints are born. Christ came, and lived, and died, that "through death He might *destroy* him that had the power of death, that is the *devil*, and *deliver* them who, through *fear* of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Heb. ii: 14, 15. But in these efforts to awaken careless and worldly saints, and alarm for conversion other sinners, which have been so untiring in this town for several weeks, the power of Satan has been revived to increase the fear of death, and affright the young to seek the safety of their church and creed.

And now, because we teach "Jesus and the Resurrection" as revealed in the New Testament, and urge the

bringing of the Christian religion out from the wilderness of creeds and woes into which the designing or fearful have carried it; that it may become a *living power in men's hearts that shall make them do the works of Christ*, and not rest in "solemn seeming," their preaching has become burdened with bitter complaints against "the teachers of heresy, which are drawing the people away from their soul's concern."

I believe in God—I rely upon his omnipotence, and have no fears for the truth's success, and Christ's ultimate victory over sin, and his "redemption of the" whole "purchased possession." Eph. i, 14. Therefore I do not deem it necessary to rely upon men's passions, their fears and prejudices, to get them willing to go in the way of heaven, but urge faith and confidence in God, and the imitation of Jesus' active, assisting, happy life, that the kingdom of God (which is not a foreign thing,) may be in them now.

Now, as it regards public labor in the cause of religion, I rely so entirely upon the teachings of God, Jesus, and the apostles, that I am never to be found drawing or inferring from texts, what their contexts will not warrant. For instance, suppose I wish to lecture from Acts, xx., 81: "Therefore watch and remember, that by the space of three years, I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." I should not consider myself an honest minister of Christ, if I taught that Paul was so indefatigable with warning for any inferred reason, unsustained by the context and relevant testimony. Accustomed to receive every portion of the Holy Word as teaching us what and all it would have us believe on the subject it sets forth, I should not suppose I was at liberty to "*infer*" that Paul warned every one, night and day, that they were exposed to endless misery" while he is here so silent on that point. And I cannot see wherein it would be any more just and consistent in me if I were a Baptist elder.

At any rate, being a Universalist; receiving God and Christ, and their inspired servants as their own just interpreters, to learn what use I may make of the text, I must examine the context, &c. At the 17th and 18th verses I learn that the Ephesians were the people he had so untiringly taught; verse 19, he sent and called their elders together, and declared how faithfully he had served them; and verse 20, kept back nothing that was profitable to them; verse 27, he had declared to them *the whole* counsel of God! Now what did this whole counsel comprehend? Must we, to account satisfactorily to our prejudices and fearful apprehensions, for his solicitude and "tears," believe it was burdened with sentiments of danger and endless ruin? Was the "Church of the First Born" at Ephesus so awfully exposed?

Universalists generally know what is in the Bible, and are ashamed of those who profess so much of God's authority for their teaching, whom they hear saying, ignorantly or perversely, things to be divinely true, which nothing connected with their subject in the Word, will sustain.

Being willing to be guided by the Scriptures in whatsoever way they lead on any subject, we go to them for the "whole counsel" which he taught the Ephesians, and we find it written out in his epistle to them. Let this be carefully studied as the test of a minister's faithfulness to Christ. Let converts who are warned against others as deniers of the Word, see that their own minister can stand the test of an honest man in the handling of the Scriptures. As Paul taught the Ephesians;—to stand by the test, to be as faithful—he must teach those that listen to his voice. Study well—*read over and over again* Paul's letter to the Ephesians, and see what preaching is justified by it.

The whole epistle is rich with the love of the Father and with assurances of salvation, by the effectual and

universal grace of God. It is here that he declares the good pleasure of God, which had been a mystery before, but was now made known unto the apostles to be taught to their hearers, how in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he would gather into Christ all things in heaven and earth. (See Eph. i: 3-11, &c.) We know that if it was written that "God would in the fulness of times gather together in one, or by one, all things in endless woe," there would not be the least hope for any person. The reverse being stated, in the same positive terms, the ultimate holiness and happiness of every one is invincibly proved by Paul's language. When all are gathered into the image of Christ, as it is here declared they shall be in the fulness of times, every one will be perfect in thought and joy. This was the sentiment Paul taught so untiringly to the Ephesians, "with tears," with tender love for their comfort, and earnest solicitude for them to be kept free from the bondage in which the Jews and heathens were all their lifetime, through fear of death. Not in a *SINGLE* instance does he draw a picture or an inference of future woe; not in a *SINGLE* instance does he warn them that there is danger of their *damnation in another world*. He warns them to hold fast the blessed doctrine of the grace of God, and live in the love of Christ, which so passeth the understanding of the fearful as to comprehend the perfect reconciliation of the whole world "to God, that He may be ALL and in ALL." 1st Cor. xv. and Eph. ii. and iii.

In his address to the elders of Ephesus, he, at last, warned them of "grievous wolves," and some of themselves, who were likely to destroy and break up the church by their perverse teachings and bloody sins. Now, when he warned them of "grievous wolves," he did not mean those who might come and teach the effectual workings and salvation of Christ, which he had so lucidly set before them, but those who should teach things of a perverse nature. The inspired persons use figures only that they may give a clearer view of the truth. And what are wolves? Ravening beasts, that frighten and tear the sheep in pieces. So men who are justly likened to them, and are represented as "wolves in sheep's clothing," are, of course, of a like character in their relation to men. And "grievous wolves" are such as frighten the people with awful "*inferences*" and imaginary woes, and those who break up the joys and pleasant intercourse of families by narrowing views, saintly, pharisaic pride, and exclusive hope; and, but too often, by taking the blood of virtue from the fair and beloved daughters of God. Such are the "ungodly teachers of heresy," and not the preachers of effectual grace and the final triumph of Christ in the world's complete redemption, as Paul taught at Ephesus.

The "grievous wolves" are those who, by their prejudices, *infer* what the Word does not teach on their subject, and so, by "sleight of men and cunning craftiness," deceive, and "having the understanding darkened," and sometimes "past feeling," are "given unto lasciviousness, to work uncleanness with greediness," (Eph. iv. 14-19,) "But we have not so learned Christ."

To us the grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all men; teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. (Titus, ii., 11, 12.)

To warn his brethren against departing from these rich doctrinal and practical truths and comforts of the Gospel, and against being affrighted and corrupted by doctrines of fear and the creeds of men, he was instant in labor, "going from house to house," "not counting his life dear," if he by wearing it out, might save souls from hell,—no, not so—he says, in accordance with all his preaching to them, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which

I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the GRACE of God." Acts xx. 24.

I lament there are not more such preachers as Paul,—faithful in the *word of salvation*, and earnest to have Christ formed in men's hearts the hope of glory, the sure evidence of a glorious immortality, He having given himself a ransom *for all*. 1st Tim., ii., 6. Let none be accounted the true ministers of the kingdom except those who preach that Christ of the Bible, "who shall see of the travail of his soul and *be satisfied*;" "who shall make an *end* of sin, *finish* transgression, and bring in everlasting righteousness;" and who declare him, not as some in their wisdom and fear do, the only name given under heaven whereby we *can* or *may* be saved, if we do not rebel too long, but who declare him "the only name under heaven given among men whereby we *must be saved*." Acts, iv, 12. God knows how to bring the men of Tarsus to himself, and we are satisfied to say with Paul, "Now we see not yet all things put under him, but we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor, that by the grace of God he should taste death for every man." Heb. ii. 8, 9. "God shall be all and in all." 1 Cor. xv.

W. B. R.

GLOUCESTER, MASS., June 11th.

Brethren of the Messenger:—

As I am now in a new field of labor, and have had time to look a little around me, I will say a few words through the columns of your Journal, in regard to this ancient "hold" of Universalism, and the condition and prospects of the cause here. It may not be known to all your readers, that Father Murray was first settled here, and that one of the first Universalist churches in the country was erected in this place.

The ancient church, in which Mr. M. preached, was situated within a stone's throw of the one in which I now preach. Some thirty years ago, it was demolished, under the Pastorship of Rev. Thomas Jones, a new one having been built in another part of the town; the site is now occupied by a dwelling house, in which resides the Unitarian minister. Gloucester is a beautiful place for a summer residence, it being quite a resort for our city gentry, during this season of the year.

I extract from Bro. A. D. Mayo's memoir of his wife, which has just been published, a description of the location, and natural scenery of this town.

"The town of Gloucester possesses many attractions for the lover of quiet life, without the deadness of human interest, which often renders a residence in the country tedious. It is situated upon the slope of hill, declining gradually towards the south to the water;—before it, a beautiful harbor, indented with caves, throwing a long arm inward, and relieved by islands and a narrow point of land running far out into the ocean, parallel with the main shore, beyond which lies the open sea; behind it a range of rocky hills, from whose summits can be seen a wide and varied prospect, and its western extremity terminated by a broad curving beach. Towards the northwest several roads run away into a fertile agricultural district, through forests that would not disgrace the banks of the Connecticut; and others at the east lead to the village of Rockport, on the extremity of the cape; and towards the north, wind over the hills of the village of Annisquam. Upon this cape is every kind of natural scenery. There are quiet coves, where the waves lose their force and break gently upon the sand; bold promontories stretching into the ocean, where the foam and spray are always flying; islands out at sea, crowned with light-houses; piles of rocks, full of caverns, through which the water gurgles and roars, like a great living creature struggling to escape from confinement; fleets of small vessels, always flitting about the horizon, and

sometimes crowding the harbor in hundreds; and beyond, in fine days, the blue southern shore lifted up against the sky, like a faint picture; the road round the cape, perhaps the most delightful drive in New England, running over hills, by the side of little meadows, through avenues of willow trees and forests, always in view of the sea; quiet ponds of fresh water, hidden among the woods; groves of pine trees, where the wind overhead and the sound of the waves upon the distant beach, unite in perfect harmony; pastures full of flowers, and damp thickets, where the Magnolia grows, and towards the country, the beautiful hilly district of "West Parish," gradually ascending to "Mount Ann," from whose summit you look away over the tops of a hundred forests, to the blue sea-line glittering upon the horizon, the monument of Bunker Hill, the highest spire of the village church, and the bay of Ipswich, and its adjacent shores. Here, within the space of ten miles, is collected almost every thing to charm the eye of the poet, or attract the investigation of the lover of science."

Such is the place where it is my happy lot to live, and from what I have been able to see after a two months' residence, I do not think the picture is too highly colored or "aught extenuated." Add to all these natural beauties the fact that the place is decidedly Universalist in its sympathies, and views, and a more pleasant residence could not be desired by any lover of nature, or liberal religion.

It may be interesting to your readers to know something in relation to the condition and prospects of our cause. There may be in a very few places in New England, as much *nominal* Universalism as in this; but I do not hazard any thing, I think, in saying, that there is more positive and active Universalism here than in any other place of its size in the world. There are about 7,000 inhabitants in the town, which includes the village of Annisquam, and there are three societies of our faith, all of them in a good condition, owning churches, supporting ministers, and doing well. In the village proper, or harbor, as it is called, there are about 5,000 inhabitants, and two societies of our faith; this includes the above, excepting Annisquam. The old church of which Murray was pastor, called the "First Independent Christian Church," now under the care of Rev. A. D. Mayo, and the one formerly under the care of Rev. D. D. Smith, now under my charge. The old church is the wealthiest and probably the stronger of the two, although as far as I can learn, the congregations are very nearly the same, ranging from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty. It is a novel situation for me to be in, reared as I was in the hot-bed of partialism, to find Universalists the most numerous of any other *one class* of Christians, and indeed, I may say, more than *twice* as numerous as any other sect of Christians.

Indeed, it does my heart good sometimes to go around among my parishioners, and find whole neighborhoods, who have never heard much of *any other doctrine* than ours.

And you, together with others, may be ready to ask, what is the state of morals here? what is the practical influence of Universalism, in a place where it is so largely believed?

In reply to this, I would say, that it is very difficult to form a correct idea of what its real weight is, in the social scale, from the fact that there is a constant flood of mariners coming in from the various ports of the world. From eighty to a hundred vessels are owned here, and constantly engaged in the fishing trade. It will be readily seen, that it is impossible to draw any fair inference as to the real moral tendency of our faith, where men of proverbially the loosest habits, are touching upon our shores. With all these disadvantages, however, I believe there is as *little* immorality, as in any other place

of its size, similarly situated in New England, or in the United States. Besides the societies I have enumerated, we have quite a body of believers in "West Parish," on the western part of the town. They have preaching occasionally in a hall, and get together from one hundred to one hundred and fifty hearers. There was a Universalist church here, until within a very few years, but the population being sparse, and the mass of people setting their faces this way, it was finally allowed to go to decay. So much for the cause of truth in this ancient town. It will be seen from the above summary, that Father Murray's and Jones's labors, were not in vain. The seed sown by them has germinated, and produced not only sixty, but an hundred fold. They went forth seventy years ago, sowing the seed of truth in tears, and their children are now bearing their sheaves with them. Let no one say then that it is impossible, that some particularly bigotted communities should ever become pervaded with the truth. What has been done *once* can be done again, and when as much labor has been expended on the soil, as there has been here, for the last 70 years, the most "orthodox" communities may be revolutionized; but we have no reason to believe that God will work a miracle to accomplish that, which he designed man, by the aid of his spirit, should do. Let us then work diligently, and hopefully, for the day is not far distant when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.

As ever thine,

D. H. PLUMB.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1849.

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

In the "American Messenger" for June, a monthly paper, published by the American Tract Society, (of which we believe that mammoth institution circulates some *scores of thousands of copies*), is an article entitled, "The Price of a Soul." The writer begins with the following paragraph:

"There is a buyer in the markets of the world whose name is never in the newspapers, and whose bids are never in the prices current. Nevertheless, his business is widely extended, and pursued with ceaseless activity. He chafers in the open street. He walks boldly upon 'change. He glides into the dimness of the counting-house. He steps into the workshop, He goes out upon the farm. The theatre, the ball-room, the race-course, and the tavern, are all peculiarly the scenes of his most successful transactions. *It is he buyer of souls.*"

After this characteristic introduction, the writer goes on to speak of the different prices this arch dealer pays for souls, getting some very cheap and paying dearer for others, and telling the various objects for which people will "barter their immortal spirits." He relates the following tale, which, if we rightly remember, we saw in substance, nearly, if not quite, twenty years ago. But being newly vamped it is now "just as good as new."

"A few years ago, there was living in one of our large cities, a young lady, who was the only child of wealthy and worldly parents. She was fond of the gay pleasures of the city, and plunged into them with all the enthusiasm of youth. Her gaiety, youth and wealth, were sure passports to the highest circles of fashion, and there she lived as though there were no higher world.

While thus living in pleasure, she was asked one evening, by a female friend, to accompany her to the weekly prayer-meeting in a church of the city. There the Spirit of God met her, and awakened in her the consciousness of sin, and bowed down her

heart in anguish at the thought of her guilt. Her heaviness of spirit was soon discovered at home, and her parents were in consternation, lest their beautiful daughter should leave the circles of pleasure for the service of God. They besought her and commanded her to return to the gay world. They surrounded her with her fashionable friends. But there was a power above theirs at work, and she was still stricken in heart. At last those parents actually *bribed* her to attend a large party of pleasure, by the gift of the richest dress that could be purchased in the city. She reluctantly consented—went to the festival, and returned without one trace of her religious emotions.

But the joy of her miserable parents was short. In another week their daughter was at the point of death, and the skilful physicians they summoned, in their alarm, could only tell them there was no hope.

When this opinion was made known to the dying girl, she lay for a few minutes in perfect silence. Her soul seemed to be surveying the past, and looking into the awful future. Then rousing herself, she ordered a servant to bring that dress and hang it upon the post of her bed. She next sent for her father and mother. In a few minutes they stood weeping at her side. She looked upon each of them for a time, and then lifting up her hand, and pointing to the dress, said to each of them distinctly, and with the terrible calmness of despair, '*Father, mother, there is the price of my soul.*'

O, what a disastrous exchange was that. A precious soul, with all its hopes and aspirations, its immortal powers, and high endowments, for a dress. How infatuated those guilty parents. How full of fearful danger is the strife against the Holy Ghost.

Reader, what is the price for which thou art parting with thy soul?"

On the foregoing tale we cannot forbear offering the following remarks:

1. It would seem that this arch dealer in souls is altogether more wily and artful, aye, and more *successful* too, than his rival and competitor, in getting possession of souls. God says by his prophet, "All souls are mine: as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine." He also says to his Son, "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." We read of Christ that he "gave himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time," "tasted death for every man," and "shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." And again, "ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." But in spite of all this, our tract writer seems to think that the *sharp dealer in souls* will defeat the Son of God, and wrest multitudes out of his hands forever. What a pity this *sharp dealer* could not be matched with one equally sharp, equally wise, and equally *successful* in the traffic! But, alas, *he shall fail and be discouraged*, being circumvented and outwitted by his arch rival! (See Isa. xlii. 4.)

2. The young lady who is the subject of this narrative, was unfortunately the only child of wealthy parents, fond of the gay pleasures of the city, and, like most others of her age and circumstances, indulged in them with the enthusiasm of youth. No crime or immorality is laid to her charge. or if any, it consisted only in *obeying her parents* according to Col. iii. 20. She was *reluctant*, it seems, even in obeying the positive commands of her parents to attend the festival; but at length she yielded, and as the legitimate consequence, (as this writer would have us believe,) sold her soul to the devil for eternity, and went down to an endless hell! This is clearly implied in the subsequent part of the narrative, according to the most obvious rules of interpreting orthodox language. So it would seem that the poor girl was doomed to endless woe, not for any crime or fault of her own, but simply for the faults or worldly-mindedness of her parents! The monstrosity and injustice of such a supposition must be obvious even to a child, and especially to every adult person of common sense, whose judgment is not warped by sectarian prejudice, or modded by the *graving tools* of Orthodoxy.

(See Exod: xxxii: 4—24.) It is not only monstrous, but in direct contradiction to God's Word. For that declares: (See Ezek. xviii. 2, 3 20.) "Ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel: The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father," &c.

3. It would seem by the tenor and conclusion of the narrative, that God felt under special obligation, or the irresistible necessity, to damn the poor girl's soul to all eternity, either on account of the sins of her parents, or by special contract with the devil to that effect; the latter had managed so adroitly as to have the contract closed and sealed irreversibly—he had paid the price of her soul, "*the richest dress that could be purchased in the city*!" And though during life and in her last sickness she repented having obeyed her parents, and did all she could to avoid so hard a destiny, yet it was all in vain! Her fate was sealed: She had sinned away the day of grace; (the mercy of the Lord endureth forever,) and God the Father was obliged to abandon her; Christ the Son was obliged to abandon her; the Holy Ghost was compelled to abandon her; all three of the supreme deities are insufficient to save her, for Satan has *bought her soul with a rich dress*, that she may repose in his sooty arms, and be clothed in flames of fire to all eternity!

4. Such is the stuff published by the American Tract Society, and sent out into the world with which to enlighten mankind and save the world! We would, by no means, write a line, or utter a syllable, either to encourage the pursuit or practice of sinful pleasures, or lessen religious impressions on youthful minds, and a sense of their accountability to God. But really, when we see such trash as this uttered from the press, and so widely circulated, designed to sanction all the fooleries and mummeries of modern revivalism; to disseminate such monstrous sentiments, such gross conceptions of our Heavenly Father, and his plan of salvation; to harrow up the mind with groundless fears that God's mercy is but limited and momentary, and his wrath infinite and unending, and thus leave the mind of the dying in despair and drive them to the grave in anguish; we cannot but speak out and do what we can to counteract the pernicious influence and correct the false impressions thus made. The price of a soul is too great, we believe, and its value too immense, for Him to barter, or allow it to be bartered away to the devil to all eternity, for a *rich dress*, or anything else of which the devil may be possessed.

D. A.

THE FIRST PROMISE.

God made a promise to our first parents, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. By the serpent all understand the tempter, the devil. It is not necessary to our present purpose, to discuss the question whether the devil is a personal being or not: so far as the object of this article is concerned, we may allow that a real, personal devil is designated by the term.

The seed of the woman is allowed by all to be Jesus Christ, concerning whom Paul said, "When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman." The promise then, is, that Jesus Christ shall *bruise the head* of the Evil One. What is signified by this term? Evidently the destruction of that adversary. By a bruise on the head, must be signified a mortal wound,—one that will terminate in the death of the victim. This accords with the testimony of the apostle, as follows: "Forasmuch as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, Christ also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death, he might destroy death, and him that hath the

power of death, that is the *devil*; and deliver those who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Heb. ii: 14. The destruction of the devil is, then, sure as the promise of God—sure as that Jesus will accomplish the object of his mission and death.

This is a very offensive doctrine to many, to whose religious systems the endless existence of the Evil One is absolutely essential. But it is, nevertheless, the doctrine of the Bible, and we infinitely prefer its teachings to those of any who proclaim opposite sentiments.

When the adversary is destroyed, *temptation* will cease, and no more influence mankind. This points faith onward to the period when there will be no motives to the commission of evil, and, consequently, when *evil will cease to be*. For none act without motives: and none will do evil unless tempted to its commission. The destruction of all temptation is seen to be equivalent to the destruction of evil itself. The extermination of evil is, therefore, embraced in the first promise. Sin shall be finished, transgression ended, and an everlasting righteousness brought in. Thus all will be saved from iniquity, and brought to the enjoyment of holiness and happiness.

H. L.

SABBATH SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK.

The New York Sunday School Association met in Richfield Springs on the 29th ult., in connection with the State Convention. Reports were had from 25 Sabbath Schools in the State, embracing three in New York city, those in Albany, Auburn, Hudson, Utica, Troy, Schenectady, Newark, Williamsburg, &c., &c., by which we learn that in all those schools there were the last year 939 males and 1,060 females—making a total of 1,999. In a State of three millions of people, there ought to be more than two thousand children brought under Universalist instruction. —*Gospel Banner*.

Br. Drew may be assured that there are "more than two thousand children brought under Universalist instruction," in the State of New York. The reports referred to were, as is expressly stated, from but 25 Schools, whereas there are probably more than twice that number in the State. Some of those which neglected to report are very flourishing, as those at Buffalo, Rochester, and other places. I would venture in default of positive information, the conjecture that there are nearly or quite 4,000 children in the Sunday Schools of this State. Is it said that "there ought to be more" still? Let it be considered how scattered in many of our counties, are the residences of our friends, and how strong is the bigotry of much of the population of the State; and any surprise on account of the fewness of our Schools and scholars will vanish. Under all the circumstances, the friends of our Sabbath Schools are well satisfied with the result of their labors in the last few years; and indulge rich hopes for the future.

G. L. D.

PROF. CROSBY'S PAMPHLET.

The orthodox are silent as death about this pamphlet. They dare not speak out against it. Its arguments are too strong, and its facts tell too much against a narrow faith for them to attack it. We hope that some one will summon courage enough for the undertaking. Show up the Professor, gentlemen! Provoke him to controversy, and let us have more from his polished pen.

What might be expected.

"Rev. DARIUS FORBES (Universalist), has resigned the charge of the Stone Chapel in Chester, Vermont, and is now desiring other engagements as a distinctly Unitarian preacher."

"Thereby hangs a tale."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

BRETHREN:—The weather during the past week has been excessively hot. I never experienced, in Boston, so long a period of oppressive heat in my life. I tried all the methods I could devise for keeping myself comfortable; but they were unavailing. Some more fortunately situated than myself fled to Nahant, about ten miles from this city, where it is always cool, even in the hottest weather. There is no place in the vicinity of Boston so favorably located for a summer residence as Nahant. It is on a peninsula, extending from Lynn far into the sea. It is the general belief that it was once two islands; and that they have been connected together, and to the mainland by the action of the sea upon the sand and pebbles of its bottom. There are two ridges composed of these, on which passengers reach Nahant from Lynn. The ride across the beach is delightful and romantic. The roar of the deep blue sea, and the working of the waves near the path on which you tread, render the ride exceedingly pleasant. The surface of Nahant is broken, and the shores are rocky and bold. The air is always cool, even in the hottest days of summer. The scenery is grand, the walks around the cliffs are romantic, and the views from them are inspiring. The principal hotel of the place is called the Nahant House, and is kept by Mr. Drew. The house is spacious, well arranged, and kept in the best manner. Visitors will find here all the comforts which they can obtain at the Astor House. Mr. Drew and lady are attentive to their duties, and spare no exertions to render their visitors happy. Nahant is reached from Boston by steamboat, or by railroad to Lynn, and a stage ride over the beach.

Within a few years past, Gloucester has become a celebrated place of resort in the summer season. This is on Cape Ann, at the northern extremity of Massachusetts Bay. Within a few years past a part of the town has been set off, and a new township formed, called Rockport, which shares extensively with Gloucester in the patronage of visitors. Indeed for a number of years past, Rockport has been the residence of several of our Boston clergy. They find it a quiet place, and cool and healthy. Besides, they have an excellent opportunity to follow the employment which was left by Peter and some of the other apostles when they became fishers of men. We have four Universalist societies on the Cape—two at the Harbor, one at Squam on the north shore of the Cape, and one in Rockport.

Gloucester is the place of Mr. Murray's first settlement. There was built the first Universalist Church of America, if we except Potter's in New Jersey. I have seen the old building. It is removed from its former site, and converted into a barn. When it was removed, our friends erected a large and elegant church in the centre of the village. Many of the principal inhabitants of the town are connected with our denomination. Mr. Jones, who succeeded Mr. Murray, was a man of great moral and Christian worth, and his ministry was eminently successful. Mr. Murray first visited Gloucester in 1776. About three years after a Society was formed, and he was received as its pastor, and as one sent by the Supreme Head of the Church. He remained till 1793, when he removed to Boston, and took charge of the first society—now Mr. Streeter's. From the commencement of the ministry of Mr. Murray to the close of the ministry of Mr. Jones, was a period of over sixty years, and in the industry of the people who attended upon their preaching, in their sobriety, order, and high moral worth, we see how faithfully these servants of Christ labored in his vineyard. The memory of no men is more fondly cherished. They lived the religion which they preached. The present ministers on the

Cape are Revs. A. D. Mayo, D. H. Plumb, S. C. Hewett, and J. W. Coffin.

The Railroad recently constructed to Gloucester has done much to increase its business, especially during the summer season. Extensive preparations are made for the reception of visitors. The Gloucester House and the Cape Ann Pavilion, both kept by Mr. A. Morgan, afford the best of accommodations, and are kept in the best manner. Persons wishing to get away from the heat of a crowded city, and escape the dangers of raging epidemics, would find safe retreats either at Nahant or Gloucester.

O. A. S.

Boston, June 25th.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

This body met in Alstead, Paper Mill Village, on the 20th of June. Br. T. J. Greenwood was chosen Moderator, and Br. J. S. Lee, Clerk. The attendance of ministers was large, and the session one of great interest. The preaching was excellent. Sermons were delivered by Brs. J. S. Lee, S. Clark, J. O. Skinner, L. C. Browne, and T. J. Greenwood. The congregations were large, and the attention paid to the Sermons was serious and earnest. Two conference meetings were held, which were spirited and interesting. The singing is said to have been superior to any that has been had for years on a similar occasion. We presume this representation is correct, for our Society in Alstead has several members who have been long celebrated for their musical science, taste and practice. We had a specimen of their music several years ago, at the dedication of their church. We had hoped to meet our friends at this session of their Convention. Alstead joins the town of our boyhood, and the members of the Society there are many of them old acquaintances. It would have been a great gratification to meet them on such an occasion, but sickness in our family prevented. We have a good Society in Alstead, which enjoys the labors of Br. Barber, an able and devoted minister.

O. A. S.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The Bleecker Street Sunday School made their Twelfth Annual Excursion, on Thursday of last week. Over 800 persons, including the School, left the city at 8 o'clock on board the Santa Claus, and proceeded by the outside passage to Biddle's Grove, the finest retreat in this vicinity, where they spent a very pleasant and happy day. An excellent and abundant collation in every respect sufficient to satisfy any consistent epicurean was provided, to which all were freely invited. Short religious exercises were held to which marked attention was given. The plays were characterized with moderation, and every thing passed off to the entire satisfaction of every one. The boat left at four o'clock, and at half past six all were landed safe and sound—"all the better, and none the worse," for this day of recreation, which was decidedly one of the pleasantest we ever attended. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the captain and crew of the Santa Claus, nor to Mr. Dingle and his band for the faithful and gentlemanly manner in which they performed their respective parts on the occasion.

Bro. J. Dean, our papers are regularly mailed for Stamford, and what has occasioned the delay of which you speak we cannot tell. If you will inform us what Nos. are missing, we will forward them. We have noticed recent complaints in our Exchanges of the delay and irregularity of the mails, and some of our papers hitherto received, do not reach us.

We hope the new incumbents in the P. O. Department will get fairly in the harness soon.

THE COMMOTIONS IN EUROPE.

No man can be indifferent to the issue of the struggles now going on in Europe. Elements are at work which lay at the bottom of all social right, prosperity, and happiness. The strife is between Royalty and Republicanism, brought out in various forms, affecting political, ecclesiastical, and domestic affairs. It is the new, the radical, the progressive, the liberal, the democratic, the individual, social, and universal, arrayed against the old, the exclusive, the selfish, the arrogant, and tyrannical. No matter where we look, the contest is the same. Ireland struggles against the oppression of ages, and all Britain groans under the wrongs of aristocratic and feudal tenures. Her monarchy is but a name. Germany has a soul, but her hands are so disband-ed that the oppression of her monarchies, and nobility, and castes, has become insufferable, and she labors for union and freedom. Hungary, long denationalized and crushed, has risen in her manliness, and again lifts her hands to heaven, gasping for life and shouting for liberty. Italy, buried beneath the pillars of the Catholic Church, on whose ruin and disgrace its head has been pillowed for ten centuries, has, at length, risen and shaken herself from the wrongs of ages. The Roman Republic has been dug out of its centuried ruins, and again stands before the world; but whether like a restored monument or a living reality, time will determine. Switzerland stands firm in her republicanism as the everlasting mountains about whose base her towns and villages are planted. Spain, bound by fetters which have rusted into her soul, still hugs the gorgon that oppresses her, with scarce a wish for freedom. Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Sweden, need not be named. They stand as cyphers to be added on either side. France, the beautiful and proud, the restless and philosophic, is working out the great problem of Reform by Revolution and rapid movement; while England, more tardily, step by step, yields a point here, and a point there, helping to accomplish the same great and glorious end—the enfranchisement of humanity in a common brotherhood. Russia roars like a mad bull. Lacking the nobleness of a lion, he is like a wolf, greedy of his prey. The Russian serfs are all ignorant, bigoted men, mere fighting machines, managed by a few artful engineers, who care for nothing but the will of the Autocrat.

The main hope is in France. If true to herself and her position, she will work the regeneration of Europe. The German burghers but need concentration and fit leaders to arouse all the peasantry, the arbiters and diensters of that vast country, and sweep like a tornado over the wrongs of ages, level her monarchies to the dust and proclaim a united, intelligent, and happy Republic. Italy would follow, and Belgium and Holland would return to the prosperous days of Netherlandish freedom and glory. Three Republics would then exist. France to the Rhine, Germany on the east, and Italy south of the Alps. These might, like our country, retain their several states, but form three grand confederations. Hungary and Poland should attach to the Germanic family. There are no natural boundaries to separate them. Soon Russia would be civilized and enlightened, and her despotic power driven beyond the Ural mountains. Sweden would form a Republic, and England's aristocracy rot out under the genial warmth of an increasing philanthropy.

Who can look upon the map of Europe and study the natural history of the several nations, marking their changes for ten centuries, and not feel a spirit of prophecy indicating something like the above outline? Have not the movements since '89 given hope of such a consummation—especially those of the last eighteen months? Nothing but mismanagement, private ambition, and intrigue can prevent it. France is repub-

lican: so is Switzerland,—and all the west of it, and Savoy, already speak the French language. All the Principalities, Duchies and kingdoms cry out "one Germany," and south of the Alps, "one Italy." The elements are already rife for such a change. The old clan is broken up. Everything is in a state of fusion, and will soon be precipitated into new, more natural, and rational forms, than when cut and hacked to pieces by the congress of tyrants at Vienna, in 1815. At no moment in the history of the world have such momentous movements been on foot. It is now humanity struggling against oppression, the spirit of good and right against the evils and wrongs of antiquity. Before, it was nobles against nobles, tyrants against tyrants, making game of mankind. Now the oppressed have risen in God's name, and speak, man calling upon his brother man, "deep unto deep," to help him right the wrongs of ages. Who can look indifferently on? Surely none who desire the triumph of moral over physical force, and the spread of knowledge and happiness upon earth. No American can hear the cry of multitudes, not for vengeance, but for right, justice, freedom, without his heart being stirred in him to the deepest centre, while his arm grows strong, and he wishes for a chance to help forward the great reform. Who does not remember Greece? But what was done for Greece but to make place for another King? Europe asks for no more Kings, but to dispose of what she has. Her people ask for liberty, opportunity to be men. They have no evil in their hearts. They would as soon let their Kings and princes work in a cabbage garden, and tend a flock as any body else. Their Frederics, and Josephs, and Johns, and Williams, and Leopolds, and Alberts, are as welcome to wear linen frocks and eat black bread as any body else. Nobody will begrudge them an honest livelihood, to live like other men. They need not skulk away like Louis Phillippe, and call themselves Smith as he did; but go to work like good citizens, and be respected for what they are worth. Queen Victoria could make herself more useful in patching her children's garments, than in squandering £40,000 a year in splendid idleness. Prince Albert is said to be a fine trainer of horses and bees. He might find colts to break in Herford, and bees to hive in Windermere; or, if he preferred, potatoes to dig in Ireland. Many princes, I know, are good for nothing, having never learned to be useful. But the younger could be taught, and the older go to the poor house with as much honor as thousands they have sent there.

When such a change comes about, we shall begin to think a millennium is verily approaching, for there will be truer evidence of one than when the Holy Alliance was formed, or the Vatican thundered its anathemas against heresy, or the dissolute Henry cut the throat of succession, or the first Charles suffered on the scaffold. God speed the revolutions of Europe to a glorious and happy termination, for his hand is in them.

W. S. B.

APOLOGY.

An apology is due Br. Bacon for the appearance in our columns of some personal allusions of an unfriendly character in an article concerning the New England Anniversaries. Br. Balch, to whom the letter was especially addressed, did not read it till after its appearance in print and though it was read by another person in the office, he was ignorant of circumstances which give peculiar force to the allusions in question. We were so glad to hear from Br. Gook, that we did not sufficiently consider some things contained in his communication. We are grateful to correspondents for their articles, but wish them to avoid unkind personal allusions.

The Dalton, Ga. Eagle of the 12th inst., acknowledges the receipt of some ears of green corn, *admirably well adapted for*

UNION MEETING OF SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

According to previous notice this meeting was held on Monday evening 25th ult., in the Lecture Room of the Orchard-Street Church.

Rev. E. H. Chapin, addressed the meeting in his usual spirited and eloquent style. He said that he was somewhat embarrassed by the magnitude and the simplicity of the subject. The subject of the Sunday Schools and of teaching in Sunday-Schools, is a highly important one. The teacher is touching the springs of young minds and sowing the seeds of virtue into tender hearts, the results and influence of which are to be seen in future time. Br. C. spoke very forcibly and truthfully of the peculiar adaptation of Christianity to the young mind. Christianity is a progressive religion: not that it is changing, or growing better in its nature or character; for Christianity is a perfect and complete system; but he would wish it understood by a progressive religion, one that adapted itself to all the improvements and progression of humanity. To the Chaldean Shepherds the stars were but twinkling lights looking down on their flocks by night; to the child of the present day they are so many vast lamps giving light and radiance to other systems in the illimitable domain of the infinite Father. A leaf to the ignorant and uninstructed of other days had nothing remarkable in it; but to a child of these days it has on it the impress of the Divinity and the signature of a Father. God now was not viewed with that tear-eyed fear and appalling dread which characterized other days; but the child could say our Father. The little child desires no higher name, it is the name that hallows the magic circle of home, and this one feature of Christianity. God is the great Parent, adapts itself to the wants and the spiritual nature of the child.

The doctrine of immortality is peculiarly fitted to the young mind. The child is never a skeptic on this subject; he believes that God his Father watches his slumbers, and that angel faces are looking down with watchful care and benignity on his midnight repose. The immortality of the race is peculiarly suited to the confiding and artless nature of a child. The young heart feeling its dependence on a parental arm, almost spontaneously and naturally drinks in the waters of immortal life. Children require no labored or lengthy arguments to convince them of man's immortality, for it is congenial with their very nature and finds a tender response in their guileless spirits. Then again, religion has great and mighty principles; it does not consist in long and tedious ceremonials, in abstruse and useless forms; yet it has a power which like the lever of Archimedes can move the world; and this power a little child can understand, for it is but to love. A religion which teaches love to God and man adapts itself to the young and tender mind. It has no mystery about it even to a child. What encouragement then for Sunday School Teachers is seen in the adaptation of Christianity to children. Christianity too is a system of examples. Children are interested and instructed by visible, tangible illustrations. A toy will teach them more than a labored treatise. You may write essays on astronomy or geography, yet a simple orange on a needle will give them a clearer idea than they all of the earth's revolution and rotundity, and the moving of the spheres. So with the Bible; its living examples, Joseph and his brethren, the Prodigal son; the good Samaritan; the example of Christ himself, who was once a little child afford illustrations adapted to the capacity of children. Thus religion is taught by example and suited to the nature and wants of a little child.

Once more, Christianity is a religion of the future. I do not mean (said Br. C.) that it unveils the future world simply; that

it fits and prepares the soul for future immortal bliss; but it stems the deadly currents of this life, it stills the waves of passion and the turbulence of discord and strife. It sheds its soft guiding light on the pathway of the young; it is the religion of all their after life, adorning the brow of manhood, smoothing the pathway of age, the bed of death, and pointing the weary pilgrim to his everlasting home. The present age is one that calls for the labors of the Sunday School. It is an age when the earth is rocked by revulsions and commotions; there is a struggle with freedom and its giant enemies. Christianity and Infidelity are battling together, and the world is stirred. Sunday School Teachers, you are in the arena; go forth in your zeal and strength and influence and teach our children the great truths that are to regenerate and save the world.

Br. Fay next addressed the meeting. He said we are to work on the hearts of our children, and fit and prepare them for future usefulness. We have erred in the religious education of our children by not having sufficient confidence in their reasoning powers. We have been too eager to acquaint them with the long Westminster Catechism, rather than purify the heart and teach them to govern themselves. In order to bring children to the practice of goodness, they must be taught to feel and know that God is good. Br. F. thought that children in seasons of adversity and affliction have more fortitude than is generally awarded them.

He related an affecting incident of a little girl whose father was on his death bed; when she was told by her mother that he could not live; she burst into tears, but soon collected herself and calmly said, "my Father in heaven cannot die." It should be our duty to encourage our children to place the same confidence in their heavenly Father that they do in their earthly parents. He spoke at length of the influence which teachers are to exert on the future rising generation.

Br. B. Ellis spoke next. He compared the minds of children to a good soil, well fitted to the seed. He insisted on the importance of being a working man in the Sunday School cause; it will not do to applaud the work, and speak well of the school; we must go into it and labor there if we wish to see it prosper. He recommended that all laudable efforts should be employed to make the Sunday School attractive. We must not depend too much on books, but we must introduce a variety, and the teachers must prepare themselves so that they can teach other things besides those that are in the ordinary school books.

We have given a very imperfect sketch of the addresses; but we doubt not the teachers who heard them will be encouraged to renewed ardor and devotion in the good cause, and that parents will be induced to add their co-operation for the promotion of this good work.

E. B. H.

MINUTES OF THE CAYUGA ASSOCIATION.

This body met at McLean, June 6th, 1849, and after uniting in prayer with Br. C. S. Brown, organized the Council by appointing Br. Luther Fuller, of Kelloggsville, Moderator, and Br. H. Boughton, of Scipio, Clerk.

Appointed, as Committee of Arrangements, Brs. J. M. Peebles, J. Boynton, and A. Crittenden. Minutes of last year's meeting read and approved.

Appointed a committee to select a speaker to deliver the next Occasional Sermon; and to designate the place for the next meeting of this body. Committee—Brs. E. Allen, J. Boynton, and J. M. Austin. Appointed Committee to select Delegates to represent this Association in the State Convention, to be held

at Victor, Ontario Co., on the last Wednesday and following Thursday of May next. Committee—Brs. E. Allen, A. G. Clark, and L. Akin.

Letters were read from the McLean, Scipio, Courtland, and Speedsville societies, giving information of their condition and prospects. Committee on Adjournment reported in favor of holding our next meeting at Harford, and presented the name of Br. Randolph, of Courtland, as preacher of the Occasional Sermon at that time. Report received and adopted. Committee on Delegates to the next State Convention, reported the names of Brs. H. Boughton and C. S. Brown (clerical), and Brs. A. Mudge and H. Birdsell (lay). Report received and adopted.

The case of Br. Hyatt was brought before the Council, and after remarks on the same were made by the brethren, the matter was referred to the Committee of Discipline, and they required to investigate the charge preferred last year. Appointed Brs. H. Boughton, L. Akin, and C. S. Brown, Committee of Discipline for the ensuing year. Committee on Fellowship and Ordination, Brs. W. B. Randolph, E. Allen, and L. Fuller.

Voted, That Br. J. M. Austin be requested to publish the Occasional Sermon, delivered by him on the present occasion.

Voted, That when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet at Harford, on the last Wednesday and following Thursday in August, 1850.

Voted, That the Clerk prepare the Minutes for publication in the Magazine and Advocate, and that the Christian Guardian and Sentinel, of Rochester, be requested to copy.

Council then adjourned.

LUTHER FULLER, Moderator.

H. BOUGHTON, Clerk.

A. CRITTENDEN, Mod., pro tem.

Our meeting at McLean was fully attended; and the preached word was listened to with attention and interest. Sermons were delivered by the following brethren: Brs. J. M. Austin, occasional; N. Snell; H. Boughton; J. B. Gilman; W. B. Randolph; H. L. Hayward; and J. M. Austin, Installation. On the afternoon of the second day, Br. J. M. Peebles was installed Pastor of the McLean Society. Exercises as follows: Reading Scriptures, by Br. Snell; Introductory Prayer, by Br. H. Boughton; Sermon, by Br. J. M. Austin; Installing Prayer, by Br. W. B. Randolph; Delivery of the Scriptures and Charge, by Br. Boughton; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Br. C. S. Brown; Address to the Society, by Br. H. L. Hayward. The meeting was interesting throughout—which was rendered doubly so by the excellent singing of the spirited Choir attached to the Society at McLean; which, under the management of Br. Chambers, their accomplished leader, are every way qualified to thrill the hearts of all who listen.

The following hymn, written for the occasion of the Installation, by Miss Tillotson, was sung admirably, and with effect:

"Loud swell the notes of joy to-day,
Extatic souls resound the lay,
A shepherd to our fold is given,
A guardian to our heart-born heaven.

We praise no King, nor Conqueror proud,
With oak-wreathed arch, and bannered crowd,
But bless a thorn-crowned Savior's name,
His servants greet with loud acclaim.

His love is precious, as when first
From stainless lips, in love, it burst;
Still sweet the perfect precepts are,
His chosen messengers declare.

We hail the Pastor here installed;
By hands empowered, by heralds called;
Him to our altar blest we bear,

And lay our Sabbath offerings there.

Our truth shall be his earthly trust,
His spirit's stay, God's promise just;
His peace, when age as dews shall fall—
That Gospel he proclaims to all.

Per order.

H. B.

CAN ENDLESS MISERY BE TRUE?—Would the vilest man that ever lived, had he the power, torment his worst enemy to all eternity? Would not a few weeks, or a few months, or, at most, a few years of torture, satisfy him? Is God more vindictive than the worst of men?

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

BY O. PERKINS.

The New Jerusalem, how fair,
How glorious, and how bright;
'Tis beautiful beyond compare,
A day devoid of night.
No stars, nor sun, nor silvery moon,
Are needed there to shine;—
God's glory makes eternal noon,
The Lamb is light divine.

No grief, nor sorrow, enters there,
No "curse," with blighting breath;
No dark forebodings, gloom, or care,
No sickness, pain, nor "DEATH."
The tree of life immortal grows
With fragrance all its own;
There, too, life's crystal river flows,
Proceeding from the throne.

There peace shall wreath her silken chain,
And love her wreaths shall twine;
There pleasure's flowerets bloom again,
And friendship's myrtles shine.
The limped stream of pure delight
O'er all the landscape flows;
And happiness sits robed in white
On every flower that grows.

There saints shall tune their harps of love,
And sing redeeming grace,
While seraphs their affection prove
And fly before His face.
When shall I lend this earthly race
And soar away to rest?
When shall I reach that heavenly place
And be forever blest?

Selected.

Letters to the Rev. Charles Fustian.
AN ANGLO-CATHOLIC.

LETTER SECOND.

On Monday last, our new curate came; a most gentlemanly-mannered good-looking young man, with very dark eyes and very white teeth; and I was pleased to observe, when I dined with him the first day at the parsonage, that he did not consider these advantages as merely ornamental, but made excellent use of both. He

did yeoman's service upon the fish and mutton, and cast glances on Miss Christina Smiler that made her at once give up the opposition she had made to her father's proposal of keeping a curate, and provide, to his entire satisfaction, that it was the best arrangement in the world. A pleasant good-humored companion, a man of the world, and unflinching son and servant of the Church, gaining the rector's confidence by an attack on Popery, and winning the ladies' affection by a spirited tirade on the vulgarity of dissent.

"The fact is; said the Doctor, after the ladies had withdrawn, and we had filled our glasses with the first bumper of port—"The fact is, my dear Mount Huxtable, that our parish is in a very curious condition. We are all devoted members of the Church, and yet we are very suspicious of each other. The inhabitants, especially the young lady part of them, have taken such an interest lately in the affairs of the parish, and are so unanimous in enforcing their own wishes, both on me and the church wardens—not to mention my staunch and kind friends Major M'Turk and Mr. Buddle—that we feel as if the revolutionary spirit had extended to this village, and the regular authorities had been deposed by a Committee of public Safety."

"Do they enforce their wishes?" inquired the new curate, with a frown, and laying great emphasis on the word enforce.

"Well" replied the Rector, a little puzzled, that's rather a strong word. Do you think we can call it enforce, Major M'Turk?"

"They say they'll do it, and it's done," was the reply of the military commander.

"And you, Buddle?"

"No; you can't call it enforce," said I; "For there is the meekest, the sweetest, and most submissive people I ever met with."

"That's right; I am glad to hear it; said Mount Huxtable. "And do they really succeed in all the efforts they make?"

"Not a doubt of it," said the Rector, looking rather confused. "The church is entirely different from what it was a year ago; even the service, by some means or other, has got into quite a different order; I find myself walking about in my surplice, and standing up at doxologies, and sometimes attempting to sing the Jubilate after the second lesson, though I never had a voice, and it does not seem to be set to any particular tune. And in confidence between ourselves, I think they could make me of any religion they chose."

"They're the fittest missionaries for the Mahomedan faith," said Major M'Turk; "Such Houris may always count on me for a convert."

The Curate sank into silence.

"You're not afraid of such antagonists, Mount Huxtable?" inquired the rector.

"I don't think they are at all to be feared as antagonists," he replied, with a smile, as if assured of the victory.

And when we looked at his handsome face, and the glow of true orthodox determination that brightened in his eyes, we were all of the same opinion.

"But we won't let them see the battery we have prepared against them," continued the jubilant Rector, "till we are in a position to take the field. I have applied to the bishop for a license for you for two years, so that whatever complaints they make against your proceedings nothing can get you removed from the parish; the whole onus of the fight will be thrown on your shoulders; and all I can say to them, when they come to me with their grievances will be, my dear Araminta, my dear Sophronia, my charming little Anastasia, Mr. Mount Huxtable is in the entire charge of the parish, and from his decision there is no appeal."

The happiest man in England that night was the Reverend Doctor Smiler, of Great Yawnham, for he had now the assurance of preserving the orthodoxy of his parish, without the pain of quarrelling with his parishioners.

"Good night, good night," he said as M'Turk and I walked away, while Mount Huxtable got into his phaeton and whisked his greys very showily down the avenue, "I think that ewe-necked donkey, Charles Fustian, won't be quite so popular with the Blazers at Hellebore Park, in spite of Araminta's admiration of his long back and white neckcloth."

"Mount Huxtable will cut him out in every house in the parish," replied Major M'Turk; and I said,

"I know Charles very well, and like him immensely; he won't yield without a struggle, and, in fact, I have no doubt he will proceed to excommunication."

Pardon us all, my dear Charles, for the free-and-easy way we speak of you. I don't believe three old fellows in England are fonder of you than we; and no wonder—for haven't we all known you from your cradle, and traced you through all your career since you were hopelessly the booby of the dame's school, till you were twice plucked at Oxford, and proved how absurdly the dons of that university behaved, by obtaining your degree from Dublin by a special favor. Would a learned body have treated a very decided fool with special favor? No; and therefore I think Dr. Smiler and M'Turk are sometimes a great deal too strong in their language; but you must forgive them, for it proceeds from the fullness of their hearts.

The license arrived next day, and a mighty tea-drinking was held last night at the parsonage, to enable the Doctor to present his curate to the parish. The Blazers came in from Hellebore Park, Araminta looking beautiful in a plain nun-like white gown, with a cross and rosary of jet falling tastefully over her breast. The Swainloves came from the Lodge, the spirited Cinderella laboring under two prodigious folios of Gregorian chants. Sophronia and her grand-mamma came up from the vale; and, in short, the whole rank and beauty of the village assembled. The manly dignity of that charming district was represented by myself and Major M'Turk; your father, who came down in his wheel-chair; Dr. Pulser and his son Arthur, who has lately settled down here, with a brass plate on the surgery door, announcing that he is attorney-at-law. Arthur, you remember, has a beautiful voice, and he entones the responses like a nightingale.

We were all assembled before the guest of the evening arrived. For the thousandth time we admired the garden and lawn, and heard how the Doctor had altered the house, and levelled the grounds, and thrown out bow-windows, and made the whole thing the perfect bijou it is. The fuschias were in full bloom, the grass nicely mown, and the windows being open, we could sally forth on to the terrace walk, and admire the pleasure grounds as we chose. But nobody moved. Christina Smiler sat at the piano, but did not play; she kept her eyes constantly fixed on the door,—as indeed did several of the other young ladies; and when at last wheels were heard rapidly approaching, and a loud knock resounded through the house, the amount of blushing was immense; the bloom of so many cheeks would have recalled to an original-minded poet a bed of roses, and old M'Turk kicked my shins unobserved, and whispered "We shall get quiet of the female parliament very soon: this is the Cromwell of the petticoats."

As he felt that he made his appearance, on this occasion, in his professional character, Mr. Mount Huxtable was arrayed in strictly clerical costume. Your own tie, my dear Charles, could not have been more accurately starched, nor your coat more episcopally cut.

There was the apostolic succession clearly defined on the buttons; and between ourselves, we were enchanted with the fine taste that showed that a man might be a good stout high churchman without being altogether an adherent of the Patristics. His introduction was excellently got over, and the charming warmth with which he shook hands with the young people, after doing his salutation to us of the perterite generation, showed that his attention was not confined to the study of the fathers, but had a pretty considerable leaning to the daughters also.

"So much the better, my boy," said Mr. M'Turk, "he'll have them all back to the good old way in a trice; we shall have pic-nics again on Fridays, and little dances every day in the week." Tea was soon finished and Cinderella Swainlove, without being asked by anybody, as far as I could see, walked majestically to the piano, and laying open a huge book, gave voice with the greatest impetuosity to a Latin song, which she afterwards (turning round on the music-stool, and looking up on Mr. Mount Huxtable's face) explained to be a hymn to the Virgin. But the gentleman did not observe that the explanation was addressed to him, and continued his conversation with Christina Smiler. In a few minutes he accompanied her out of the window into the garden, and the other young ladies caught occasional glimpses of the pair as they crossed the open spaces between the shrubs. The Doctor rubbed his hands with delight, and Mrs. Smiler could scarcely conceal her gratification. But these feelings were not entertained by the Swainloves. Cinderella, looked rather disappointed to her mother; and that lady addressed Major M'Turk in rather a bitter tone of voice, and said it was a pity the curate was so awkward, and asked how long he had been lame.

"He is by no means lame," replied the Major; "you'll learn that before long, by the dance he'll show you."

"Does he dance?" inquired Mrs. Swainlove, anxiously. "As you're at the piano, my dear Cinderella, will you play us the charming polka you used to play last year?"

A polka!—it was the first that had been demanded for a long time; and, in the surprise and gratification of the moment, the Major took her affectionately by the hand, Cinderella played as required; and great was the effect of her notes: first one fair lady, and then another, found the room too hot; and before many minutes elapsed, we, who sat near the window, saw the whole assembly, except the performer on the piano, grouped round the new curate, who seemed giving them lectures on botany, for he held some flowers in his hand, and was evidently very communicative to them all. Mrs. Swainlove, seeing her stratagem of no avail, told Cinderella to stop, and the conversation was entirely limited to the men who stayed behind. Young Pulser, the attorney, had joined the party in the garden, and the senior ladies, with the discomfited musician, soon also retired.

"He'll do," said the Major, confidentially—"he's the very man for our money; and all things considered—not forgetting my friend Christina among the rest—you never did a wiser thing in your life, Mr. Smiler."

"He seems a sure hand among the girls," said your father, "and I haven't had a chance of a minute's talk with him. I wanted to speak to him about my son Charles."

"He'll give you good advice about breaking in that stiff-necked young gentleman," said the Rector, "and we must contrive to get them acquainted."

"Bless ye," said your father, "they're very well acquainted already. He lived in Charles's parish in the diocese of Vexer, and was a great favorite, I'm told, of the bishop."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," said the Doctor, taken a little aback, "he can't possibly be a favorite of such a firebrand—it must be some one else; and, besides, he never told me he was a friend of your son."

"You can ask him," replied your father, "for I am quite sure I've often heard Charles talk of his friend Mount Huxtable."

A dead silence fell upon us all. Strange, we thought, that he should never have alluded to his acquaintance with you. Can he be ashamed of the way you have been going on? Is he afraid of being suspected of the same ludicrous feastings and fastings that have given you such a reputation here?

"Pray, my dear Mount Huxtable," said Dr. Smiler, when the new curate accompanied by the young ladies—like the proud-walking, long-necked leader of a tribe of beautiful snow-white geese—entered the room, "have you ever met our excellent friend, Charles Fustian?"

"Fustian—Fustian?" replied the Curate, trying to recollect. "There are so many of that name in the Church, I surely ought to have met with one of them."

The Doctor nodded his head, quite satisfied, to your father.

"You see, you see," he said, with a chuckle.

"I see nothing of the sort," said your progenitor; "for though Fustian is common enough in the Church, I'm sure Mount Huxtable is not."

"That's true," said the Doctor. "Pray how do you account for Charles Fustian happening to know you?"

"Ah my dear sir," answered Mount Huxtable, with a smile to the ladies, "there is an old byword, which says more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows."

A great laugh rewarded this sally, and the Doctor's triumph over his neighbours was complete.

"I told you what it would come to," he said; "no true orthodox churchman can have any acquaintance with such a semi-papist as poor Charles."

The conversation now went on in the usual channel—that is to say, we talked a little politics, which was very uninteresting, for we all agreed; and the young ones attacked the Curate on music and painting, and church architecture, on all which subjects he managed to give them great satisfaction, for he was an excellent musician, a tolerable artist, and might have passed anywhere for a professional builder. I suppose they were as much astonished as pleased to find that a man might be an opponent of the Tracts, and yet be as deep in church matters as themselves. Encouraged by this, they must have pushed their advances rather far for a first meeting; for, after an animated conversation in the bow-window, Araminta and two or three other young ladies came to the Doctor's chair.

"Only think, dear Doctor Smiler," she said, "how unkind Mr. Mount Huxtable is. Next Thursday, our practising day in the church, is the Feast of St. Ingulpus of Doncaster, and he won't give us leave to ornament the altar with flowers."

"And who in the world is St. Ingulpus of Doncaster?" said the Doctor.

"A holy man, I don't in the least deny," said Mount Huxtable, kindly taking the answer on himself. "His acts and writings attest his virtues and power; but I merely mentioned to the young ladies, as the easiest way of settling the affair, that St. Ingulpus, though most justly canonised by the holy father in the thirteenth century, was not elevated to the degree of worship or veneration by the succeeding councils."

"And you answered them very well, sir," said the Doctor. "And as to St. Ingulpus of Doncaster, I never heard of him, and believe him to have been an impostor, like the holy father, as you ironically call him, who pretended to canonise him."

"Oh, papa!" said Christina, addressing her father, but

looking all the time at the Curate, 'Mr. Mount Huxtable himself confesses he was a holy man.'

'What?—do *you* join in such follies? Go to bed or learn to behave less like a child. Mr. Mount Huxtable accommodates his language to the weakness of his auditors; but in reality he has as great a contempt for this Ingulpus, or any other popish swindler, as I have.'

The Doctor was now so secure of support from his curate, that he felt bold enough to get into a passion. If he had fired a pistol at his guests, he could scarcely have created a greater sensation. The effect on Christina was such that she clung for support to Mount Huxtable, and rested her head on his shoulder.

'Mr. Mount Huxtable,' continued the Rector, 'has forbidden you to disfigure my church with flowers. Mr. Mount Huxtable has the entire charge of this parish, and from his decision there is no appeal.'

This knock-down blow he had kept for the last; and it had all the effect he expected. They were silent for a long time. 'That has settled them, I think,' he whispered to me; 'they know me to be such a good-natured old fool, and so fond of them all, that in time they might have turned me round their thumbs; but Mount Huxtable is a different man. At the same time, I mustn't have the darlings too harshly used. I dare say I was a little too bitter in the way I spoke; I can't bear to see any of them unhappy,—something must be done to amuse them.'

If the Doctor had done them all some serious injury, he could not have been more anxious to atone for it. He spoke to each of them, patted them on the head, told them they were good girls, and that he loved them all like his own children; and even went so far as to say that, if the matter was entirely in his hands, he didn't know but that he might have allowed them to make what wreaths and posies they liked on Thursday. 'And as to your friend Ingulpus,' he concluded, 'I hope and trust he was a good man according to his lights, and probably had no intention to deceive. So, my dear Mount Huxtable, as your uncompromising Protestantism is the cause of disappointment to my young flock, I must punish you by insisting on your immediately singing them a song.'

'The young ladies, sir, shall find I am not so uncompromising a Protestant as they fear, for you see I don't even protest against the justice of your sentence;' and with this he took his seat at the piano. 'The song I shall attempt is not a very new one,' he said, 'for it was written in the year a thousand and forty by a monk of Cluny. The Benedictines, you will remember, have at all times been devoted to music.' So saying, he threw his hand over the keys, and after a prelude, sang in a fine manly voice—

"Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt; vigilemus!
Ecce! minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus,—
Imminet! imminet! ut mala terminet, æqua coronet,
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, æthera donet,
Auforat aspera duraque pondera mentis onustæ:
Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraque juste."

Astonishment and delight kept the company silent for a while after he had finished, and then the repressed feelings of the audience burst out with tenfold force. 'Oh, Mr. Mount Huxtable!' said they all, 'you *must* attend our Thursday practising in the church. It will be so delightful now, for all we required was a fine man's voice. How beautiful the words are, and how well adapted for singing! And the music how splendid!—pray whose is the music?'

'I am afraid I must confess myself the culprit in that respect,' replied the Curate, very modestly. 'I have been an enthusiast in music all my life, and have a peculiar delight in composing melodies to the old Catholic hymns.'

After this, no more was said of flowers on St. Igulpus's day; and it was very evident that our new ally was carrying the war into the enemy's country, and, in fact, was turning their artillery against themselves.

'If you are pleased with this simple song, I am sure that you will all be enchanted next week with two friends who have promised to visit me—both exquisite musicians, and very clever men.'

'Clergymen?' inquired two or three of the ladies.

'Of course. I have very few lay acquaintance. You perhaps have heard their names,—the Reverend Launton Swallowlies, and the Reverend Iscariot Rowdy, both of Oxford.'

'No, we don't know their names, but shall be delighted to see any friends of yours.' And so the party broke up with universal satisfaction. There was a brilliant moon, and Mount Huxtable sent away his phaeton and two beautiful grey ponies, and walked to Hellebore gate with the Blazers. Christina Smiler would rather have had him drive home, and looked a little sad as they went off: but we heard happy voices all the way down the avenue; snatches of psalm-music, even, rose up from the shrubs that line the walk; and it appears that the whole group had stopt short on the little knoll that rises just within the parsonage gate and sung the Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.

So I think, my dear Charles, you may give up any farther attempts on our good old Church principles; the Doctor is determined not to turn round to the communion-table even at the creed, and I will bet you £20 that the congregation will all come back again, and we shall once more be a happy and united parish.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A convict named Alexander Freyts, was accidentally killed at the State Prison at Sing Sing, by the bursting of a grindstone, a piece of which struck him upon the head, causing instant death.

At the last session of the Legislature of New York, a resolution was passed for the appointment of eight Commissioners to prepare a plan and estimate the expenses of an Agricultural College and Experimental Farm School.

In accordance with an act of the Louisiana Legislature, the Governor has appointed Commissioners to complete a survey of the levees of the Mississippi river in that State.

Mrs. Henrietta Miller, the wife of a respectable merchant of Philadelphia, committed suicide the other day by cutting her throat with a table knife. She was supposed to have been insane at the time.

There are now on the stocks at Bath, Me., ten ships, all of which will be launched within four or five months. One of them is 1,200 tons, another 1,000, three of 900, one of 800, one of 700, one of 600, one of 500, and one of 450.

It appears that the population of France amounts to 32,950,000 inhabitants. Of this number, 2,412,000 live exclusively upon public charity; in addition to which, 7,884,600 are inscribed upon the poor lists.

The rush for Minnesota, the new territory is so great, that accommodations cannot be had at the hotels in St. Paul's at any price. Strangers have provided themselves with tents. Board is \$5 per week.

Among the sales announced by the London papers is that of three churches, situated in London, which are to be sold on order of a bankrupt's assignees during the present month.

WINE.—Mr. Clay has arrived at the perfection of the home industrial system. He manufactures his own wine from a Catawba vineyard on his own plantation.

DROWNED.—A lad 13 years old, named Isaac T. Adams, was drowned in the Passaic river on Saturday, while bathing.

LYING.

Lying is a mean and cowardly quality, and altogether unbecoming a person of honor. Aristotle lays it down for a maxim that a brave man is clear in his discourse and keeps close to the truth; and Plutarch calls lying the vice of a slave.

Lying in discourse is a disagreement between the speech and the mind of the speaker, when one thing is declared and another meant, and words are no image of thoughts. Hence it will follow, that he who mistakes a falsity for truth is no liar in reporting his judgment; and, on the other side, he that relates a matter which he believes to be false, is guilty of lying, though he speaks the truth. A lie is to be measured by the conscience of him that speaks, and not by the truth of the proposition.

Lying is a breach of the articles of social commerce, and an invasion upon the fundamental rights of society.

Lying has a ruinous tendency; it strikes a damp upon business and pleasure, and dissolves the cement of society. Like gun-powder, it is all noise and smoke; it darkens the air, disturbs the sight, and blows up as far as it reaches. Nobody can close with a liar; there is danger in the correspondence; and more than that, we naturally hate those who make it their business to deceive us. Were lying universal, it would destroy the credit of books and records, make the past ages insignificant, and almost confine our knowledge to our five senses. We must travel by the compass or by the stars—forsaking the way would only misguide us.

From returns made at some of the Western river and lake ports, it is estimated that the total loss by wrecks in the western rivers, in the year ending June 30th, 1848, amounted to two millions of dollars, and that the losses in the lakes amounted to a still larger sum.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Selected.

"LITTLE PAUL."

"Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them locked together." * * "The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room."—*Domby and Son*.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Through the curtains poured the sunlight.

With a saddened gush of joy

When upon his bed of weakness

Lay this dying little boy.

On the rising airs of evening

Balmy sounds of Summer came,

And a voice amid their music

Seemed to call him by his name;

And the golden waves were dancing

On the flooded chamber wall,—

On the sunny hair of Florence,

And the brow of little Paul!

As the sunset's tide, receding,

Ebbed again into the sky,

Passed the faint hue from his features,

And the lustre from his eye;

As if up the rosy surges

Of that shining river's flow,

Went his spirit to the angel

Who had claimed it long ago!

Fonder still, and full of yearning,
Seemed to come her gentle call,
And the throb of life grew fainter
In the heart of little Paul.

But the fond arms of a sister
Like a link around him lay,
Chaining back his fluttering spirit
To the love that was its stay;
And his own weak arms were folded
In a clinging dear embrace,
'Till his cheek and dewy forehead
Rested gently on her face.
Slowly sank his weary eyelids;
One faint breathing—that was all,
And no more the kiss of Florence
Thrilled the lips of little Paul!

Through his childish world he wandered
Like a stranger, still and lone,
For the depth of manhood's feeling
Had within his bosom grown,
Yet the love, whose meek entreaty
In his patient features smiled,
Gave at last the sainted Mother
To the happy cherub-child!
Sad and silent through the chamber
Crept the shadows up the wall;
Cold against the cheek of Florence
Grew the cheek of little Paul!

NOTICE.

The Connecticut Convention of Universalists will hold its annual Session in Norwich, on Wednesday and Thursday, 22d and 23d of August next. The Council will be organized at the Church, on Wednesday, at 9 o'clock, A. M. Public religious services will be held in the morning, afternoon, and evening of each day. Bro. Moses Ballou, will deliver the Occasional Sermon.

Delegates from Hartford, Co. Association: H. B. Soule, A. L. Loveland, T. P. Abell, clerical; Martin Fancher, N. Granby, J. B. Clark, Poquonock; A. Woodruff, Hartford; W. Thayer, Winsted; W. Gladden, Berlin; W. S. Camp, Middletown, Lay.

Delegates from Southern Association: M. Ballou, J. J. Twiss, Henry Glover, clerical; B. Fuller, Westport; J. F. Lockwood, Stamford, J. P. Booth, Stratford, N. B. Dibble, Danbury; D. Pendletown, Bridgeport; Herman Fairchild, Newtown, Lay.

W. A. STICKNEY, Standing Clerk.

N. B. Will Trumpet please copy.

MARRIAGES.

In New Hartford, June 6th, by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr Obadiah B. Latham, of Seneca Falls, to Miss Thankful Bushnell, of the former place.

DEATHS.

In Frankfort, June 6th, of consumption, Caroline Deuel, daughter of Stephen Deuel of that place, formerly of Stillwater, aged 16 years.
In Knauestown, Pa., 13th June, Louis McFarland Bachman, aged 18 years, 9 months and 22 days.

In Canton, May 10, 1849, Miss Sarah Jane, eldest daughter of the late lamented Br. Ellis, aged ten years. By this dispensation of Divine Providence, another chord that bound the mother's widowed heart to earth, has been severed, to draw her affections nearer to the giver of all good. May the God of grace and consolation abide richly with her in the spirit of his love, and give her strong faith to behold the time when sorrow and sighing will flee away, tears be wiped from off all faces, all the ends of the earth remember and turn unto the Lord, and all flesh see the salvation of our God

J. D.